are, when they seem to prosper, of all things the sweetest, and their union in one his life's consummation.

It was done. He laid down the brush and drew back a step, looking on what he had done. The princess came softly and slowly, as though attracted against her will, and stood by him; for she saw that this picture was now, beyond all compare, the most perfect and beautiful of all that he or any other man had painted of her; and she loved him for thus glorifying her. But, before many moments had gone by, a sudden start and shiver tan through Giraldo's body. The spell of his entranced ecstasy broke; his eyes fell from the masterpiece that he had made, and wandered to those who stood about him—to the gentlemen who did not know whether to wonder or to laugh, to the angry face of the king and the naked sword in his hand; at last to Osra, whose eyes were still on the picture. And his exultation vanished, and with it went, as it seemed to them, his madness. Reason dawned for a moment in his eyes, but was quenched in an instant by shame and despair. For he knew that all had seen that other picture, and they knew not what he had done; and suddenly, with a stiffed cry, he flung himself full-length on the floor at Osra's feet.

"Let us wait," said she gently. "He will be himself soon."

But the king was too angry to listen.
"He has made us fools before half Europe," he said angrily, "and he shall not

But the king was too angry to listen.
"He has made us fools before half Europe," he said angrily, "and he shall not live to talk of it. And you—have you seen the picture yonder?"
"Yes, I have seen it," said she. "But he does not now think that picture like me, but this one." And she turned to the gentlemen and desired them to raise Giraldo and lay him on a couch, and they obeyed.
Then she knelt by his head; and after

Then she knelt by his head; and, after

a while, he opened his eyes, seeming sound of sense in everything except that he believed she loved him, so that he began to whisper to her as lovers whisper to their loves, very tenderly and very low. And the king, with his gentlemen, stood a little way off. But the princers said nothing to Giraldo, neither refusing his love nor yet saying what was false; yet she suffered him to talk and to reach up his hand and gently touch a lock of hair that strayed on her forehead. And he, sighing in utter happiness and contentment, closed his eyes again and lay back very quietly on the couch.

again and lay back very quictly on the couch.

"Let us go," said she, rising. "I will send a physician." And she bade one of the gentlemen lock the inner room and give her the key, and she and the king, and they all, then departed, and sent his servants to go tend Giraldo; and Osra caused the king's physician also to be summoned. But Giraldo did no more than linger some few days alive; and for the most of them he was in a high fever, his brain being wild; and he raved about the princess, sometimes railing at her, sometimes praising her; yet once or twice he woke calm and happy, as he had been when she knelt by him, and having for his only delusion the thought that she still knelt there and

by him, and having for his only felusion the thought that she still knelt there and was breathing words of love into his ear. And in this last merciful error, in respect of which the physicians humored him, he one day, a week later, passed away and

was at peace.
Then the princess came, attended by one

Then the princess came, attended by one gentleman in whom she placed confidence, and she destroyed the evil picture that Giraldo had painted, and having caused a fire to be made, burnt up the pieces of it and all the ruins of the pictures that Giraldo had destroyed. But that on which he had last worked so happily, and with such triumph of art, she carried with her to the

## THE DEVICE OF GIRALDO. THE PAINTER.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," Etc. (Copyright, 1895, by A. H. Hawkins.) When the twenty-first birthday of the

Princess Osra approached, her brother, King Rudolf, desiring to make her a pres ent, summoned from his home at Verona in Italy a painter of very high fame, by name Giraldo, and commanded him to paint a portrait of the princess, to be her brothcr's gift to her. This command Giraldo carried out, the princess giving him every opportunity of studying her features, and rudging no time that was spent by her in front of his easel, and the picture, when finished, being pronounced to be as faithful as beautiful, the reputation of Giraldo was greatly enhanced by the painting of it. Thus it followed that in many cases, when foreign princes had heard the widespread praises of Osra's beauty, they sent orders to Giraldo to execute for them and dispatch with all speed miniatures or other portraits of the princess, that they might judge for themselves whether she were in truth as lovely as report said; and they sent Giraldo large sums of money in recom



God's Curse on Me for Having Slan dered the Beauty I Love.

adding not seldom some further dopense, adding not seldom some further do-nation in the express term and condition that Giraldo should observe absolute fidel-ity in his representation and not permit himself the least flattery. For some desired themselves to court her, and others in-tended, their sons to ask her hand, if the evidence of Giraldo's portraits satisfied their hopes. Thus Giraldo, although but two or three years above thirty, grew both in fame and wealth, and was very often in-debted to the princess for the favor of a visit to his house, that he might again cor-rect his memory of her face.

deted to the princess for the favor of a visit to his house, that he might again correct his memory of her face.

Now, what several princes had done before, it chanced that the King of Glottenberg also did; and Glraido, to all appearances much pleased, accepted the command and prayed the princess to visit him; for, he said, this picture was to be larger and more elaborate than the rest, and therefore needed more study of her. So the princess went many times, and the portrait destined for the King of Glottenberg (who was said to be seeking a suitable alliance for his eldest son) grew before her eyes into the most perfect and beautiful presentment of her which the skill of Giraido had ever accomplished, and surpassed even that first picture which he had painted by King Rudolf's command. And the king had no doubt that, so soon as the picture had reached the court of Glottenberg, an embassy would come from there to demand the hand of his sister for the crown prince, a proposal which he would have received with much pleasure and gratification.

the hand of his sister for the crown prince, a proposal which he would have received with much pleasure and gratification. "I do not think," said Osra, tossing her head, "that any such embassy will come, sire. For four or five pictures have been already painted by Signor Giraldo in like manner, but no embassies have come. It seems that my poor features do not find approval in the courts of Europe."

And her tone, it must be confessed, was full of contempt. For the Princess Osra knew that she was beautiful, as, indeed, all beautiful ladles are, by the benevolence of heaven, permitted to. How much greater mischief might they work if such knowledge were denied them!

"That's true enough," cried Rudolf.
"And I do not understand the meaning of
it. But it will not be so at Glottenberg.
For my good brother, the king, has eyes
in his head and his son sees no less well.
I met them in my travels and I can speak
of it. Most certainly an embassy will
come from Glottenberg before we are a
month older!"

month older!"
Yet, strange to say, the same thing followed on the dispatch of the portrait (which Giraldo sent by a certain trusty messenger, whom he was accustomed to empios) as had happened before; no embassy came, and the King of Glottenberg excused himself from paying a visit to Strelsau, which he and his son had promised on the invitation of King Rudolf. Therefore Rudolf was very vexed and Osra Therefore Rudolf was very vexed and Osra also, thinking herself scorned, was sore at heart, although she bore herself more proudly than before. And, being very greatly disturbed in her mind concerning her beauty, she went herself again to Giraldo and charged him to paint her once more.

more.

"And this picture," she said, "is for my own eyes and mine alone. Therefore, Signor, paint it faithfully and spare me not. For if a woman be ugly, it is well she should know it, and it seems that nobody and the seems that nobody are the seems that nobody the seems that no seems that in the kingdom will tell me the truth, al-though I get hints enough of it from abroad." And she frowned and flushed and was greatly out of temper, as any beautiful lady would in such a case most

beautiful lady would in such a case most naturally be.

Giraldo bowed very low, seeking to hide the sudden red that dyed his cheek and to conceal the great joy which the command of the princess gave him. For by reason of having so often painted the princess, of having so curiously studied her face, and of having spent so much time in her company listening to her conversation and enpany, listening to her conversation and enjoying her wit and grace, this hopeless young man had become so hopelessly and desperately her lover that he no longer cared to use his brush in the service of any other lady or lord, and stayed at Strelsau solely that he night again and again depict the face that he loved, and save when she sat before him he seemed now unable to ply his art at all, and had he not received so many commands for pictures pany, listening to her conversation and en unable to ply his art at all, and had he not received so many commands for pictures of her he would have sat all day long idle, thinking of her—which indeed was what he did in the intervals between his labor on her portraits. But she, not imagining such presumption and folly on his part, thought that he was glad merely because she would pay him well; so she promised him more and more, if only he would paint her faithfully. And he gave her his word that he would paint her in every respect most faithfully.

'For I desire to know," said she, "what "For I desire to know," said sile, what I am in truth like; for my mirror says one thing and the King of Glottenberg—" But here she stopped, remembering that such ratters were not fit for Glraido's ears. Yet he must have understood, for a strange the colors on his palette. Thus he began this last picture and the princess came every day and stayed long, so that Giraldo might be able to render her likeness in be able to render her likeness in most minute respect with perfect

every most influte respectively, "either "For," she thought, resentfully, "either I have no eyes or they have none in Glot-

But wher. she had thus been visiting Giraldo for hard upon a month and the picture was nearly finished, and was at once the most lovely and the most faithful of all that Giraldo had painted, it chanced that letters came to the king from a nobleman of France who was well known to him, and had known the princess as well, the Marquis de Merosailles. And the marquis wrote to the king in the greatest indignation and scorn, upbraiding the king and saying, "What is this, sire? Do you keep a madman at your court and call him a painter? I have been at Gluttenberg; and when I spoke there, as it is my humble duty and my true delight to speak everywhere, of the incomparable beauty of your majesty's sister, the Princess Osra, the king, his son and all the company did nothing but laugh. And I fought three duels with gentlemen of the court on this when she had thus been visiting

account, and two of them I, heaven helping me, wounded, and one, by some devil's trick, wounded me. And after this, the matter coming to the king's ear, he sent for me and excused the laughter by showing me a picture done by a rascal called Giraldo at your court, and the picture was named after your majesty's most matchless sister; but, as I am a true son of the church, it was more like a gutter wench, and, on my honor and conscience, it squinted most perceptibly. I pray you, sire, find out the meaning of this thing; and receive most humble duty, and homage from your devoted servant, and since your graciousness so wills it, most obliged and obedient friend, Henri Marquis de Merosailles. I kiss the hand of the princess."

When the king had read this letter he grew very thoughtful, and, unknown to Giraldo, he sent and caught the messenger whom Giraldo was wont to intrust with the pictures, and who had carried the picture of which M. de Merosailles wrote to Glottenberg; and the king interrogated the messenger most closely, but got nothing from him, save that he himself never beheld the pictures which he carried, but received them host carefully packed from Giraldo, and so delivered them without undoing the coverings, and did wait until the recipient had inspected the picture. So that the fellow did not know anything about the picture that had gone to Glottenberg, except that it was certainly the same as Giraldo had intrusted to his hands. But the king was not satisfied, and, learning that his sizter was at that moment at Giraldo's house, being painted afresh by him, he called half a dozen of gentlemen and set out on horseback for the place where Giraldo lived in the street that runs from the cathedral toward the western gate of Strelsau. To this day the house stands there.

The princess sat and Giraldo painted. Behind the princess was a window, looking on to the street, and behind Giraldo was a second door, which led into an inner room. On Giraldo's easel stood the nearly finished picture, and form

on Grado's easel stood the nearly finished picture, and Giraldo's eyes were alight both with love and with triumph as he turned from the princess to the picture, and from the picture to the princess again; and she seeing something of his admiration, said with a blush:

"Is it, indeed, faithful, signor?" For it seemed even to herself a marvalously love.

ed even to herself a marvelously love ly picture.
"No, madame," answered he. "For my imperfect hand cannot be faithful to per-

"I pray you, do not flatter me. Have you, indeed, shown every fault of my face?"
"If there be a fault in your face, madame, there it is also in my picture," said Giraldo.
The princess was silent for a moment, and then she said:

and then she said:

"It is better, is it not, than the picture you painted for the King of Glottenberg?"

Giraldo painted a stroke or two before he answered, carelessly:

"Indeed, madame, it is more faithful than that which the King of Glottenberg has."

"Then less beautiful?" asked Osra with a petulant smile.

"Then less beautiful?" asked Osra with a petulant smile.
"Nay. I do not say that; not less beautiful," he answered.
"Perhaps he would like this one better, and give me his in exchange; for I never saw his after it was finished. I think I will ask the king, write to him."
Giraldo had suddenly turned round as the princess made this suggestion, which she spoke half in sport, half in continuing chagrin at the blindness shown by the court of Glottenberg. Now he stood staring at her with wide open alarmed eyes, and he dropped his brushes on to the floor.
"What alis you, signor?" she cried. "I did but suggest exchanging the pictures."
He tried to regain his composure, as he

other is mine. Are they not your features? The King of Glottenberg should not have them, and it a devil looks out through such a fair mask, is it not so with all fair wow men, that lead even to destruction? There is the following them, and it a devil looks out through such a fair mask, is it not so would not have men, that lead even to destruction? There is the following the following the fine of the following the fine of the following the fine of the fine o

Giraldo had suddenly turned round as the princess made this suggestion, which she spoke half in sport, half in continuing chargin at the blindness shown by the court of Glottenberg. Now he stood staring at her with wide open alarmed eyes, and he dropped his brushes on to the floor. "What ails you, signor?" she cried. "I did but suggest exchanging the pictures." He tried to regain his composure, as he stooped to pick up his brushes.

"The King of Glottenberg's picture is the best for him to have," said he suffenly. "This one, madame, I painted for you yourself, and for you alone."

"I pay the price and can do what I will with the picture," retorted the princess haughtly. "And if I desire, I will give it to the King of Glottenberg."

Giraldo had now turned very pale, and, forgetful of the picture, stood gazing fixedly at the princess. For he could no longer hold down in secrecy and silence the passion that possessed him, but it was declared in his eyes and in the trembling of his limbs; so that the princess rose from the form of the cunch him cutting and she feared that when he had finished turn upon her; therefore she flung herself on the couch, hiding her face for fear of some horrible fate; and she murmured low to herself, "Not my face, O God, not my face!" And she pressed her face down into the cushions of the couch, while he, muttering and grumbling to himself, cut the pictures it to the King of Glottenberg."

Giraldo had now turned very pale, and, forgetful of the picture, stood gazing fixelly at the princess. For he could no longer hold down in secrecy and silence the passion that possessed him, but it was declared in his eyes and in the trembling of himself and that she had laid upon it. Falling back in terror, she watched him cutting and slashing each of the pictures, with the pictures we stood turn upon her; therefore she flung herself on the couch, hid she feared that when he had finished turn upon her; "Not my face for fear of some horrible fate; and she murmured low to herself, "Not my face, O God, n



SHE KNEW NOW THAT HE WAS MAD.

ner chair regretting that she had dismissed her ladles, in order to be less restrained in talk with the painter; and she tried to cry out, that they might hear her where they out, that they might hear her where they were in an adjoining room, but her cry froze on her lips at the sight of Giraldo's passion. And he cried in a hoarse whisper: "He shall not have the picture, he shall not have it!" And as he spoke he moved nearer to the princess, who still shrank away from him, being now in very great alasm and thinking that surely he had run mad. Yet she looked at him and, looking, saw whence his madness came; and she felt pity for him and held out her clasped hands toward him, saying in a very soft voice and with eyes that grew sad and tender: tender:
"Ah, signor, signor, am I always to have

lovers, and never a friend?"
At this the unfortunate painter was overe and, dropping his head between his

come and, dropping his head between his hands, he gave a deep, half-stifled sob, and then he cried:

"God's curse on me, for having slandered the betuty that I love!" And then he sobbed again.

But the princess wondered greatly what he meant by his strange cry, and turning her eyes again on him in bewildered questioning, saying, as she pointed to the picture:

ture:
"There is no slander here, signor, unless too much praise be slander." too much praise be slander."

Giraldo made no answer in words, but, springing toward her, caught her by the wrist, and drew her across the room to the door behind the easel. With feverish haste he unlocked it and passed through. The princess, al'hough now free from his grip, followed him in a sort of fascination. Giraldo drew the door close behind him, and at the moment the princess gave a cry. Giraldo drew the door close behind him, and at the moment the princess gave a cry, half a scream, half laughter. For facing her, she saw, each on its easel, three, four, five, six pictures of herself, each beautiful and painted most lovingly; and the last of the six was the picture that had been painted by order of the King of Glottenberg. For she knew it by the attire, although the face had not been firished when she had last seen it. A sudden enlightenment pierced her mind and she knew that Giraldo had rot sent the pictures for which she had sat to him, but had kept them himself and sent others to his patrons. This strange conviction found its sure confirmation in a seventh easel which stood apart from the rest, on the other side of the door; for it supported what was in all respect a copy rest, on the other side of the door, for it supported what was in all respect a copy of the portrait on which Giraldo was now engaged, save that by cunning touches he had imparted to the face an allen and fearful aspect; for here, although the features had their shape and perfect grace, yet it was the face of a devil that looked out on the capyes a face that a man would not was the race of a devil that looked out on the canvas, a face that a man would not have gazing at him from the wall on to the bed where he sought sleep. But when Giraldo saw her eyes fixed on this picture he cried, "That is for you—the

her chair and shrank away from him in where she lay and dragged her behind him where she lay and dragged her behind him back to the door again and through it, and they stood together in front of the last picture, whose paint was still wet from his hand. The painted face smiled down on the trembling, pale girl, with its smile of careless, serene dignity, so that now even to herself it seemed hardly to be her picture. For it was the true presentant of to herself it seemed hardly to be her pic-ture. For it was the true presentment of a king's daughter, and she no better than a helpless, frightened girl. It seemed to re-proach her, and suddenly she drew herself to her full height and turned to Giraldo, saying: "You shall not touch it." And she stepped forward, so that she stood between him and the picture, raising her hand and forbidding him to approach it with his krife. And now the picture seemed more to be hers, although while it smiled she frowned.

frowned.

But at this moment there came through
the window that opened on the street the
clatter of horses' hoofs. At the sound Giraldo arrested the motion that he had already made to fling himself at the princess ready made to filing himself at the princess—whether to kill her or only to thrust her away from the front of the picture she did not know. Running to the window, he looked out, and called in seeming glee, "It is the king come to see my pictures!" And he looked proud and happy. Going to the door of the room, he flung it open and stood there waiting for the king and the gentlemen who attended the king. They were not long in coming, for Rudolf was full of anger, impatience and anxiety, and ran swiftly up the staircase. His gentlemen pressed into the room behind him, and Giraldo drew back, keeping his face to the king and I owing again and again. But the cing and lowing again and again. But the king and the rest saw the knife in his hand; and ragged strips of painted canvas hung here and there on his clothes, while the princess, pale and proud, stood guarding the picture on the easel. The king, in spite of his wonder, was not turned from the purpose which had brought him to the painter's house, but with a quick step darted up to Giraldo and thrust the letter of the Marquis de Merosailles into his hand, bidding him in a sharn peremntary tone. king and the rest saw the knife in his the Marquis de Merosailles into his hand, bidding him in a sharp, peremptory tone to read it and give what explanation he could of the contents. Giraldo fell to reading of it, while the king turned to his sister in order to ask her why she seemed agitated and stood so obstinately in front of her own picture; but at that instant one of the footlement whose name was Ladieles gave. own picture; but at that instant one of the gentlemen, whose name was Ladislas, gave a cry of surprise, for he had looked through the door into the inner room and seen the havoc and destruction that Giraldo had made, and also the strange and terrible picture that alone had escaped the knife. The king, wondering, followed Ladislas to the threshold of the inner room and passed it, while his gentlemen, full of curiosity, crowded close on his heels after him.

The Princess Osra, thinking herself seferations crowded close on his heels after him.

The Princess Osra, thinking herself safe, found her anger and terror pass away as her mirth had passed before. Now she felt in her heart that plty which borders on tenderness and which she could never re-

had last worked so happily, and with such triumph of art, she carried with her to the palace, and presently she caused copies to be made of it and sent to each of the princes by whom Giraldo had been commanded to paint her picture, and with it the money he had received, the whole of which was found to be untouched in a cabnet in his house. But the picture itself she hung in her own chamber, and would often look at it, feeling great sorrow for the fate of Giraldo, the painter.

Yet King Rudolf could not be prevailed to pity the young man, saying that for his part he should have to be mad before the love of a woman should drive him mad; and he cursed Giraldo for an insolent knave, declaring that he did well to die of his own accord. And because M. de Merosailles had gallantly defended his sister's beauty in three duels he sent him by the hands of a great officer his Order of the Red Rose, which M. de Meroisailles wore with great pride at the court of Versailles. But when the copies of the last picture reached the courts to which they were addressed, together with the money and a bullet history of Giraldo's mad doings, the reached the courts to which they were addressed, together with the money and a brief history of Giraldo's mad doings, the princes turned their thoughts again to the matter of the alliance, and several embassies set out for Strelsau, so that Princess Osra said with a smile that was half sad, half amused and very whimsical:

"I am much troubled by reason of the loss of Signor Giraldo, my painter." From Life. The benighted barbarian, in accordance with the time-honored custom of his tribe, lay in wait in the grass, waiting for the approach of the maiden whom he had

approach of the malden whom he had chosen to woo.

As soon as she passed, he arose and, with one blow of the large and knotty club he carried, felled her to the earth.

She awoke from the consequent swoon to find herself flung across his shoulder, as he proceeded toward his hut. Though dazed at first, she realized that she had been proposed to in the regular style. "Dear me, Mr. Gwrrbblu," she twittered, "this is zo sudden!" In her case there was really some excuse In her case there was really some excuse

She Was Right.

IS YOUR BRAIN TIRED? Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate. It supplies the needed food for the brain and nerves and makes exertion casy.

## **RICHES AND POVERTY**

The Millionaire Ohio Senator Chats Entertainingly About Money.

BRICE DISCUSSES NATIONAL POLITICS

He Says That Cleveland is Not a Candidate.

PROPHESIES GOOD TIMES

(Copyrighted, 1895, by Frank G. Carpenter.) NEW YORK, September 18, 1895. HE RED-HEADED baby of a poor Presll byterian parson in an Ohio village when Andrew Jackson was

President. A red-headed, freckled-faced boy doing odd jobs to work his way through college during the presidency of James Buchanan A private soldier and captain through-

out the war, under Abraham Lincoln, and a young lawyer in the country town of Lima, fighting for the bare necessities of life, while Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant and Rutherford B.

Hayes held the reins of state. Such was the record of Calvin S. Brice up until the time he was thirty-five. This was fifteen years ago. This week he cele-brates his fiftieth birthday. What is he now? He is one of the richest men of the United States. He owns more railroads than you can count on your fingers and toes and he nours out money like water on everything that will gratify his ambition. When he was married he had to borrow the money to make his wedding jour-



ney. Today his family spends fortunes in a week, and he has given single dinners which cost \$12,000 apiece. During the past summer he has been living in the palace of a millionaire at Newport. His winter home is the great mansion which the millionaire Corcoran owned at Washington, where Daniel Webster entertained when he was Secretary of State, and his New York residence is one of the finest on 5th avenue. He makes gold like a Midas and he spends it like a Lucullus. I might better say he spends it like a Caesar. Money is with him only a means to an end, and his ambitions extend wider than those of the millionaire society dazzler. His belly is not his god, and his luxurious surroundings are more for the pleasure of his family than himself. His own desires run rather to business and political power, and he is playing the game of public life in his big, beld way, betting to the full on every hand and ready to rake in everything that may come upon the table. A few years ago he was only a Wall street speculator. Now he is one of the boldest operators of New York, a maker and builder up of great railroad properties, the United States Senator from Ohio, the closest of the confidential advisers of the President of the United States, and, though he says he does not want it, a possible President himself. States, and, though he says he does want it, a possible President himself.

How Brice Looks. I knew Senator Brice when he was at He used to come about the state house at Columbus with his pantaloons in his boots. an old slouch hat on his head and his clothes spattered with the mud which he had gotten in going over the route of the Ohio Central railroad, his first railroad enterprise, in which he was interested with Charley Foster, at that time governor of the state. His hair was hen as red as fire. Charley Foster, at that time governor of the state. His hair was 'hen as red as fire. It has since changed to a dark auburn, but with this exception he looks no different today than he did then. He dresses a little better, and when I called upon him at his office on Broadway yesterday he wore a light gray business suit which cost, I judge, about \$30, with a blue four-in-hand showing out from under his full bright red beard. He has blue eyes, as hard as steel, a ather low forehead of medium breadth, and a nose as prominent as that of any man in the United States Senate. His head is remarkably long from front to back, and it is covered with a thick thatch of curly auburn hair, through which its owner is always running his hands. Senator Brice is a good talker. His mind is as clear as a bell. His answers are quick. He is not afraid to say what he thinks. He is full of ideas, and always has something to say.

The Ohio Democracy.

The Ohio Democracy.

I first asked him as to the condition of the Ohio democracy, and whether he thought the party could carry the state. He refused to give any expression as to the chances, and would not answer my query as to whether they had a fighting chance. He said the party was united, and that they had agreed to drop the silver question for the time, and leave the set-tlement of it to practical legislators. He tlement of it to practical legislators. He would not say he was a candidate for the United States Senate, stating that there would be time enough for that after the state was carried, and, in short, was decidedly non-committal on the subject. When I came to hational politics, however, his tongue began to loosen, and he said:

"I think the chance for democratic success is far better for the national election than for Ohio. There will be a steady improvement in the times from now on for the thirteen months which must elapse before the national election. The people will attribute their prosperity to the democratic party, and will vote to continue it in power rather than risk the experiment of a change." change.'

change."
"How about the issues, Senator?"
"The issues will be those made by the democratic administration, the sustaining of its policy and acts, and the embodiment of the principles which it has upheld. The chief issue will be the record of the party and of President Cleveland, and the question as to whether it shall be indorsed or not." "How about the candidates?"

"How about the candidates?"
"There will be no trouble in finding good men," replied Senator Brice. "We have plenty of them in the party. I don't care to particularize just now. It is too early to make predictions. The man will be determined by many things which will occur have now and the convention." between now and the convention

Cleveland Not a Candidate. "How about President Cleveland? Will

ne be a candidate for a third term?" "I think not. I don't believe he wants third term, nor that he would consent to have his name presented to the convention for that purpose."

"What is your estimate of Cleveland?" "I think he is the greatest states-man and party leader of his time. He is one of the best Presidents we have ever had, and he has made a great admin-istration. He has placed the democratic istration. He has placed the democratic party on a high plane, and his democracy, his honesty and his integrity are unsur-passed in the history of our chief execu-

'Wherein is his chief element of great-"The desire to do the right thing for the American people, regardless of

quences, and the ability to pass quick and proper judgment upon matters as they come up. He has in a marked degree the genius of common-sense, and also that power of continued attention to business which is one of the attributes of genius it-

which is one of the attributes of genus itself."

"Then you do not consider him an egotist
—a great I Am, who considers no other
thought than his own?"

"No. President Cleveland is not that kind
of a man," replied Senator Brice. "He has
a mind of his own, and he acts upon it, but
at the same time he advises with others
and is careful and conservative in his judgment. He is a student of public opinion,
and he always wants to know the sentiment of the people before he decides."

"Has he, on the whole, done good to the
democratic party?"

"With such a character," replied the Senator, "he could not do otherwise."

Brice Does Not Want the Presidency.

Brice Does Not Want the Presidency.

"How about yourself, Senator?" said I. "Are you a candidate for the presidential "No, I am not." was the emphatic reply.

"Will you be a candidate?" "No." "Still, your name is frequently mentioned,

"Still, your name is frequently mentioned, and people think you have ambitions in that way," said I.
"That may be," replied Senator Brice.
"But people are mistaken. I am a business man, and I have large business interests. Now, I have noted that when a man gets the presidential bee in his hat his business brains fly out of his skull. I am not prepared to leave my business matters, and I have no desire to be a presidential candidate."

Campbell and the Presidency.

"I will not say that I have no preferences as to candidates," Senator Brice went on "We have a man in Ohio who will make a big presidential quantity if the election gces our way. I refer to Gov. Campbell. If the state should go democratic he will probably be presented to the convention."
"What kind of a candidate would be

make?"

"A very strong one. He has a good record and all the elements of a popular leader."

"How about the presidency. Is he big enough for the office?"

"I think so," replied Senator Brice. "He has executive ability, and would make a great President."

"But, Senator, do you think the candidate will come from the west? Heretofore your party has taken all its presidential candidates from the east."

dates from the east."
"I don't think the matter of locality "I don't think the matter of locality makes much difference," replied Senator Brice. "Of course, I, as an Ohlo man, am for a man from Ohlo as against all others, Outside of that it makes no difference to me whence the candidate comes. The railroad, the telegraph and the interchange of social and business interests have made

social and business interests have made the people of this country a homogeneous whole, not bounded by stated geographical lines. The people don't care where the candidate comes from. What they want is the right candidate." A Long Era of Prosperity.

"You referred, Senator, to prospective good times. Do you think the present era f prosperity has come to stay?"

"Yes," was the most emphatic reply. "I think we are on the edge of the most prosperous time we have had for years. I be percus time we have had for years. I believe for the next eight or ten years at least that this country will see a business prosperity inequaled in its history or in the history of the world. Every one of our 75,000,000 people will feel it, and it will be lorg before it passes away. There will be a great development along many lines, and it will be a permanent development."

"Some business men look upon the present good times as mercely a spurt" said I

"Some business men look upon the present good times as merely a spurt," said I.

"I do not believe that," replied Senator Brice. "We are over our panic, which comes periodically every decade or so. We have had our settlement. We have readjusted our business, and we are now riding on the macadamized road of prosperity. It is true we may have now and then some is true, we may have now and then some slight financial thunder storms, but these will be temporary and local. They will not be lasting nor general." He Talks of Railroad Investments

"I suppose it is on this basis, Senator that you have been increasing your railway investments. I see that you have bought a number of new roads in the past "Yes," replied Senator Brice, "you are

right. For the first time in five years the companies with which I am connected have gone into new enterprises. We believe in the future, and are now spending money on that belief."

of ourselves. I don't know that there is going to be as much money in rallroads as, in some other lines during the next few years, but all of my training has been with railroads, and I therefore continue to work in them."

The Heart of America "You speak of general prosperity. In

what parts of the United States do you think the development will be the greatest in the near future?" "In the best part of the United States"

eplied Senator Brice, "and in that which replied Senator Srice, "and in that which is destined to be for all time the greatest and best part of the country. I mean the strip of territory running two hundred miles north and south of New York and extending west to the Missouri river. This is the heart of America, and it will always be so. It will grow immensely within the next few years."

"How about the south, Senator? You have large interests there?"

"How about the south, Senator? You have large interests there?"

"The south will grow," replied Senator Brice, "but not like that central belt. The southern people will be surprised at the good times which are coming to them. They have an undeveloped empire, with mighty possibilities, and the growth of their section will be for them phenomenal. It will not, however, compare with that of the region I have referred to."

Handling Millions. Handling Millions.

"Senator," said I, "you were a poor boy. you have had to hustle, and hustle hard for the dollar. Now, I wonder how it makes a poor boy feel to handle and control millions.'

"There is no difference between handling "There is no difference between handling millions and handling cents," replied Senator Brice. "It takes no more exercise of brain power to do great things than to do little ones. I exercised just as much thought on my small operations as I do now on my large ones, and it was fully as hard to succeed with the little as the big. It is much like driving a horse. You may drive one worth \$100 or one which is worth \$100,000. It takes no more muscle nor care to drive one than the other."

Some Secrets of Success. "You say, Senator, you are not a presi-dential candidate, and that you prefer to devote yourself to business. Have you a

great ambition to succeed in this way What is your highest ideal? What do you hope to do? What is the end?" "I don't know that I have any ambition in that way," replied Senator Brice. "I have never planned far ahead, never set a point to work for, and striven with all my force for years to gain it. My life has been very full, and I have always aimed to

been very full, and I have always aimed to do what was in front of me, with not much thought for the far future. That is what I am doing today."
"That is probably one of the secrets of your great success, Senator, is it not?"
"Yes, I suppose so," replied the millionaire. "I have concentrated my efforts on the things before me, and have thus been able to throw all my force into the work. Had my energies been frittered away on schemes for the future, I might have done worse."

schemes for the future, I might have done worse."

"But, Senator," said I, "can you hold yourself in check, and keep to the present? Have you, in short, always perfect control over that entity which you call yourself?"

"Yes, I have," replied Senator Brice. "I can think of my business or not, as I please. I can leave it here when I leave my office. I never worry. I have passed through several financial panles, and have seen things looking very dark at times. It

through several financial panics, and have seen things looking very dark at times. It has never affected my mental equilibrium. I have just gone ahead, doing the best I could with the things in front of me, and have always come out not much the worse for the wear."

"Then, I suppose, you sleep well, Senator?" said I.

"Always, and that when I please. I could lie down on that table now and go to sleep."

New York Men Not Giants. "How about New York business men, INDIGESTION.

INDIGESTION.

From the Standard-Union, Brosklyn, N. Y.

Few women have had a more miserable existence and lived to tell the tale than Mrs. Anna L. Smith of 311 Pulaski avenue, Brooklya. With all the consforts that money affords, with all the happiness that many loving friends can give, the joy of Mrs. Smith's life was blasted-for years by the terrible ravages of sickness. The story is most interesting as told to a reporter:

"I was an invalid for years, suffering first with one compliaint and then with another. My case was truly that of a complication of diseases, due to an accident which I received some years ago. The thing which caused me the most discomfort and made me offensive to my family was the worst case of indigestion imaginable. I made all around me miserable by my sufferings and was most miserable myself. I had the best-physician we could find, and occasionally his prescriptions relieved me temporarily. But the pains and misery would all soon return again. I became desperate and started in to try remedies of which I read. Among them were the Pink Pills. Their appearance captivated me instantly, for I am a great believer in the beautiful. I took the pills and followed out the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel like a different woman. For six weeks I took the pills regularly, and I can truthfully add after that I was as well as any one in the family. This change for the better in my condition has caused my relatives and friends to

truthfully add after that I was as well as any one in the family. This change for the better in my condition has caused my relatives and friends to take the pills.

"I assure you it was impossible for me to oversee my household for three years. Now I visit my kitcher every day, do my own marketing and shopping; in a word, lock after everything connected with my home and family.

"Oh, yes, I still keep taking the pills. I take one daily after dinner. Prevention, you know, is better and cheaper than cure. I verily believe one-half of the women who are suffering from the ills which our sex are helr to would be up and well if they could be induced to give the Pink Pills a fair trial. I certainly recommend them heartly and feel grateful to the physician who put them on the market."

Dr. Williams, Pink Pills for Pale People contain

market."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and are rever sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

Senator?" said I. "You come from one of the country towns of the west. Some of the men out there think that these business men of New York are of a higher order of creation, and are just a little shrewder and

creation, and are just a little shrewder and sharper than any others on the planet."

"I have not found it so," replied Senator Brice. "We have scores of men all over Ohio who will average up with these fellows here. The difference is that of environment and chances. It is the same here, the same in London and the same all the world over. Nature's yard stick never measures over six feet intellectually any more than physically."

At this point the Senator was called away to a railroad meeting, and the interview was forced to a close.

was forced to a close. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A ROYAL TOURIST.

The Queen of Italy and Her Fondness for Mountain Climbing. From St. Paul's.

Having donned the costume of a Tuscar contadina, in which she looks remarkably well, Queen Margherita of Italy is now climbing the mountains around Gressoney. The Gold Stick once had the privilege of seeing a fine portrait of the "Pearl Queen" in this attire, so can describe it with a fair amount of lucidity. It consists of a short amount of lucidity. It consists of a short full petticoat of the brightest scarlet, a close-fitting black velvet corsage, with braces across the shoulders arranged over a snowy chem'sette, and large sleeves of cambric. Black silk stockings were worn and low shoes with handsome old silver brokles, while a heavy chain, also of silver, hung round the neck and down to the waist. The unrivaled headdress of white linen falling onto the shoulders, and fastened to the hair by large silver plus, which is ed to the hair by large silver pins, which is now unfortunately so rarely seen in its native home of Italy, rested on the queen's beautiful hair, and completed as charming a costume as any painter might wish to

lepict. In making her way through bush and In making her way through bush and briar, her majesty exchanges the coffure for a black lace veil, which is very light and serviceable. It is drawn down in front that it may afford shade to the eyes, and droeps low behind so as to protect the nape of the neck from the sun. For her real expeditions, those when she leaves the hotel at 3 o'clock in the morning and does not return till 9 at night, the queen puts on a tweed suit, with galters, and a small cap, such as may be seen in the illustrations of the mountaineering volume of the Badminton Library.

"But are you not afraid, Senator, to invest much in railroads, with the great possibilities of electricity, as to their management? A new invention is liable to come up any day that may revolutionize the operations of all the railroads of the country."

"That may be so," replied Senator Brice.
"I have interests in electrical matters as well as railroads. I suppose in a change of that kind we shall be able to take care of ourselves. I don't know that there is going to be as much money in railroads as in some other lines during the country. tri dants are eager in proffering their servlees what time she is at the Quirmal, at
Capo di Monte, the castles of Turin, Florence and the rest, but when there is a
question of the Val d'Aosta, the rocky
sicres around the Matterhorn, or similar
pleasure grounds, one and all hold back.
Nor's their reluctance overcome by the
knowledge that their midday meal will consist mainly of a crust of bread and bottle
of milk, or at most a slice of dried goat's
flesh. This is eaten in the open air, or if
the rain be very heavy and the wind very
sherp, in the nearest of those chalets
which, so picturesque without, are apt to
be less desirable within.

When the Crops Begin to Move. From the Chicago Record.

It seems the way thet peple act thet trouble's in the air,

Fer all the big men's faces look as if they had a scare; But father sez it is no use fer fokes to be glum,
Fer when the crops legin to move
'Twill
Make
Things
Hum!

Hard times is all thay talk about, and how it "used to be"

Before Chicago had the fair in eighteen ninety-three;

But father sex sich talk as that is hollow as s. Fer whea the creps begin to move 'Twill Make Things Hum!

Thay talk about the silver craze au' skersity of coin,
And wonder if there isn't some new "party"
thay kin join;
But father sez it seems to him the peple's going dumb,
Fer when the crops begin to move
'Twill
Make
Things
Hum!

An' father sez the fellers that has nothin' else to do
But set around and talk and talk on things that
don't come true
Had better git a "move" on them and look for "kingdom come,"
Fer when the crops begin to move
"Twill
Make
Things
Hum!

Economical Chemistry.

From the Brooklyn Eagle. Chemistry, like a thrifty housewife, econo mizes every scrap. The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets are carefully collected and reappear as swords and guns. The main ingredient of certain ink was once the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The chippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs and the worst kinds of woolen rags, and these are worked up into exquisite blue dywhich graces the dress of courtly dames.

Not High-Born.



Matilda Maloney-"She's takin' on a lot matrial maloney— she's claim on a lot of airs jist because she's old enough ter wear a corsick."

Ethel McSwath—"Yes, but she ain't no heavy swell, fer no real aristocrats don't never wear their corsicks on de outside of der clothes, like dat."